

SUPPLEMENT
TO
CHATTERTON'S MISCELLANIES.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

19

S U P P L E M E N T

TO

CHARTERTON'S MISCELLANIES

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Gal 6. P. d.

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

MISCELLANIES

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON. *K.*

19

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, IN PALL-MALL,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF
WALES, AND THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCES.

MDCCCLXXXIV.

2

SUPPLEMENT

MISCELLANIES



THOMAS AGAMONT

LONDON

PRINTED FOR T. FROCK IN PAUL-MALL,
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THE Editor begs leave to assure the Public, that the following Poems are unquestionable Originals; the greater part of them having been immediately transcribed from *Chatterton's* own Manuscript.

As *the Character* of their Author is now generally understood, it is thought unnecessary to make any apology for *his* sentiments, or to say any thing of the composition.

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SUP.

SUPPLEMENT

CHATTERTON'S MISCELLANIES

TO A FRIEND.

MARCH 6TH, 1768.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received both your favours—The
Muse alone must tell my joy.

O'ERWHELM'D with pleasure at the joyful news,
I strung the chorded shell, and woke the Muse.
Begin, O Servant of the Sacred Nine!
And echo joy through ev'ry nervous line:
Bring down th' ethereal Choir to aid the Song;
Let boundless raptures smoothly glide along.

B

My

My Baker's well!—Oh words of sweet delight!
Now! now! my Muse, soar up th' Olympic height.
What wond'rous numbers can the Goddess find,
To paint th' extatic raptures of my mind?
I leave it to a Goddess more divine,
The beauteous H—l—d shall employ my line.

TO A FRIEND.

MARCH 6TH, 1803.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have received both your favours—The
Muse alone must tell my joy.

O'erwhelm'd with pleasure at the joyful news,
I bring the chorded shell, and wake the Muse!
Begin, O servant of the Sacred Nine!
And echo joy through every nervous line:
Bring down th' ethereal Choir to aid the song;
Let boundless raptures smoothly glide along.

My

B

TO

TO THE

BEAUTEOUS MISS H—L—D.

FAR distant from Brittannia's lofty Isle,
 What shall I find to make the Genius smile?
 The bubbling fountains lose the power to please,
 The rocky cataracts, the shady trees,
 The juicy fruitage of enchanting hue,
 Whose luscious virtues England never knew;
 The variegated Daughters of the Land,
 Whose numbers Flora strows with bounteous hand;
 The verdant vesture of the smiling fields,
 All the rich pleasures Nature's store-house yields,
 Have all their powers to wake the chorded string:
 But still they're subjects that the Muse can sing.
 H—l—d more beauteous than the God of Day,
 Her name can quicken and awake the Lay;

Rouse the soft Muse, from indolence and ease;
 To live, to love, and rouse her powers to please.
 In vain would Phœbus, did not H—l—d rise:
 'Tis her bright eyes that gilds the Eastern skies;
 'Tis she alone deprives us of the light;
 And when she slumbers, then indeed 'tis night.
 To tell the sep'rate beauties of her face
 Would stretch Eternity's remotest space,
 And want a more than man, to pen the line;
 I rest; let this suffice, dear H—l—d's all divine.

(5)

O D E

TO

MISS H—L—D, 1768.

AMIDST the wild and dreary dells,
The distant echo-giving bells,
The bending mountains head;
Whilst Ev'ning, moving thro' the sky,
Over the object and the eye,
Her pitchy robes doth spread.

There gently moving thro' the vale,
Bending before the blust'ring gale,
Fell apparitions glide;
Whilst roaring rivers echo round,
The drear reverberating sound
Runs thro' the mountain side :

B 3

Then

Then steal I softly to the grove,
 And fing'ring of the Nymph I love,
 Sigh out my sad complaint;
 To paint the tortures of my mind,
 Where can the Muses numbers find?
 Ah! numbers are too faint!

Ah! H—l—d, Empress of my heart,
 When will thy breast admit the dart,
 And own a mutual flame?
 When, wand'ring in the myrtle groves,
 Shall mutual pleasures seal our loves;
 Pleasures without a name?

Thou greatest beauty of the sex,
 When will the little God perplex
 The mansions of thy breast?
 When wilt thou own a flame as pure,
 As that seraphic souls endure,
 And make thy Baker blest?

O! haste

O! haste to give my passion ease,

And bid the perturbation cease,

That harrows up my soul!

The joy such happiness to find,

Would make the functions of my mind

In peace and love to roll.

ACROSTIC ON MISS. 1768.

ENCHANTING is the mighty power of Love;
Life stript of amorous joys would irksome prove;
Ev'n Heaven's great Thund'rer woreth' easy chain,
And over all the world, Love keeps his reign;
No human heart can bear the piercing blade,
Or I than others, am more tender made.
Right thro' my heart a burning arrow drove,

H oyland's bright eyes, were made the bows of
 Love,

Oh! torture, inexpressibly severe!
You are the pleasing Author of my care;
Look down, fair Angel, on a Swain distrest,
A gracious smile from you would make me blest,
Nothing but that blest favour stills my grief,
Death, that denied, will quickly give relief,

ACROSTIC

ACROSTIC ON MISS. 1768.

SERAPHIC Virgins of the tuneful Choir,
 A ffit me to prepare the sounding lyre !
 L ike her I sing, soft, sensible, and fair,
 L et the smooth numbers warble in the air ;
 Y e Prudes, Coquets, and all the misled throng,
 C an Beauty, Virtue, Sense, demand the Song ;
 L ook then on Clarke, and see them all unite ;
 A beauteous pattern, to the always-right.
 R est here, my Muse, not soar above thy sphere,
 K ings might pay adoration to the fair,
 E nchanting, full of joy, peerless in face and air.

MISS H—L—D. 1768.

ONCE more the Muse to beauteous H--l--d sings;
 Her grateful tribute of harsh numbers brings
 To H--l--d ! Nature's richest, sweetest store,
 She made an H--l--d, and can make no more.
 Nor all the beauties of the world's vast round
 United, will as sweet as her be found,
 Description sickens to rehearse her praise,
 Her worth alone will deify my days.
 Enchanting creature ! Charms so great as thine
 May all the beauties of the day outshine.
 Thy eyes to ev'ry gazer send a dart,
 Thy taking graces captivate the heart,
 O for a Muse that shall ascend the skies,
 And like the subject of the Epode rise ;

To

To sing the sparkling eye, the portly grace,
 The thousand beauties that adorn the face
 Of my seraphic Maid ; whose beauteous charms
 Might court the world to rush at once to arms.
 Whilst the fair Goddess, native of the skies,
 Shall sit above, and be the Victor's prize,
 O now, whilst yet I sound the tuneful lyre,
 I feel the thrilling joy her hands inspire ;
 When the soft tender touch awakes my blood,
 And rolls my passions with the purple flood.
 My pulse beat high ; my throbbing breast's on fire
 In sad variety of wild desire.
 O H--l--d ! Heav'nly Goddess ! Angel, Saint,
 Words are too weak thy mighty worth to paint ;
 Thou best, compleatest work that Nature made,
 Thou art my substance, and I am thy shade.
 Possess'd of thee, I joyfully would go
 Thro' the loud tempest, and the depth of woe.
 From thee alone my being I derive,
 One beauteous smile from thee, makes all my hopes
 alive,

MISS H—L—D. 1768.

SINCE short the busy scene of life will prove,
 Let us my H—l—d learn to live and love;
 To love, with passions pure as morning light,
 Whose saffron beams unsullied by the night
 With rosy mantles do the Heavens streak,
 Faint imitators of my H—l—d's cheek,
 The joys of Nature in her ruin'd state
 Have little pleasure, tho' the pains are great.
 Virtue and Love, when sacred bands unite,
 'Tis then that Nature leads to true delight.
 Oft as I wander thro' the myrtle grove,
 Bearing the beauteous burden of my love,
 A secret terror, lest I should offend
 The charming Maid on whom my joys depend,

Informs

Informs my soul, that virtuous minds alone
 Can give a pleasure, to the vile unknown.
 But when the body charming, and the mind,
 To ev'ry virtuous christian act inclin'd,
 Meet in one person, Maid and Angel join;
 Who must it be, but H—l—d the divine?
 What worth intrinsic will that man possess,
 Whom the dear charmer condescends to bless?
 Swift will the minutes roll, the flying hours,
 And blessings overtake the pair by showers.
 Each moment will improve upon the past,
 And every day be better than the last.
 Love, means an unadulterated flame,
 Tho' lust too oft usurps the sacred name;
 Such passion as in H—l—d's breast can move,
 'Tis that alone deserves the name of Love.
 Oh was my merit great enough to find
 A favour'd station in my H—l—d's mind;
 Then would my happiness be quite compleat,
 And all revolving joys as in a center meet.

MISS H—L—D. 1768.

TELL me, God of soft desires,

Little Cupid, wanton Boy,

How thou kindlest up thy fires !

Giving pleasing pain and joy,

H—l—d's beauty is thy bow,

Striking glances are thy darts ;

Making conquests never slow,

Ever gaining conquer'd hearts.

Heaven is seated in her smile,

Juno's in her portly air ;

Not Britania's fav'rite Isle

Can produce a Nymph so fair.

In a desert vast and drear,
 Where disorder springs around,
 If the lovely Fair is there,
 'Tis a pleasure-giving ground.

Oh! my H—l—d! blest with thee,

I'd the raging storm defy,
 In thy smiles, I live, am free;
 When thou frownest, I must die.

MISS H—L—D. 1768.

WITH A PRESENT.

ACCEPT, fair Nymph, this token of my love,
 Nor look disdainful on the prostrate Swain;
 By ev'ry sacred oath; I'll constant prove,
 And act as worthy for to wear your chain.

Not with more constant ardour shall the sun
 Chase the faint shadows of the night away;
 Nor shall he on his course more constant run,
 And cheer the universe with coming day,

Than I in pleasing chains of conquest bound,
 Adore the charming Author of my smart;—
 For ever will I thy sweet charms resound,
 And paint the fair Possessor of my heart.

T O

MISS H—L—D. 1768.

COUNT all the flow'rs that deck the meadow's
side,

When Flora flourishes in new-born pride;

Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky;

Count all the birds that thro' the æther fly;

Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,

That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze;

Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass;

Count all the drops of rain that softly pass

Thro' the blue æther; or tempestuous roar;

Count all the sands upon the breaking shore;

Count all the minutes since the world began,

Count all the troubles of the life of man;

Count all the torments of the d——n'd in Hell,

More are the beauteous charms that makes my

Nymph excell.

C

T O

T O

MISS C——KE. 1768.

TO sing of Clarke my Muse aspires,
 A theme by charms made quite divine ;
 Ye tuneful Virgins found your lyres,
 Apollo aid the feeble line ;
 If Truth and Virtue, Wit, and Charms,
 May for a fix'd attention call :
 The darts of Love and wounding arms
 The beauteous Clarke shall hold o'er all.
 'Tis not the tincture of a skin,
 The rosy lip, the charming eye.
 No 'tis a greater Power within,
 That bids the passion never die :
 These Clarke possesses, and much more,
 All beauty in her glances sport,
 She is the Goddess all adore,
 In Country, City, and at Court.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

TO THE

REVEREND MR. CATCOTT.

DECEMBER 16TH, 1769.

WHAT strange infatuations rule mankind !
How narrow are our prospects, how confin'd !
With universal vanity possest,
We fondly think our own ideas best :
Our tott'ring arguments are ever strong ;
We're always self-sufficient in the wrong.

What philosophic Sage of pride austere
Can lend conviction an attentive ear ?
What pattern of humility and truth
Can bear the jeering ridicule of youth ?

What blushing Author ever rank'd his Muse
 With Fowler's Poet-Laureat of the Stews?
 Dull Penny, nodding o'er his wooden lyre,
 Conceits the vapours of Geneva fire.
 All in the language of Apostles cry,
 If Angels contradict me, Angels lie?
 As all have intervals of ease and pain,
 So all have intervals of being vain;
 But some of folly never shift the scene,
 Or let one lucid moment intervene;
 Dull single acts of many-footed Prose
 Their tragi-comedys of life compose;
 Incessant madding for a system toy
 The greatest of Creations blessings cloy;
 Their senses dosing a continual dream,
 They hang enraptured o'er the hideous scheme:
 So virgins tott'ring into ripe three score,
 Their greatest likeness in baboons adore.

When you advance new systems, first unfold
 The various imperfections of the old;

Prove

Prove Nature hitherto a gloomy night,
 You the first focus of primæval light.
 'Tis not enough you think your system true,
 The busy world wou'd have you prove it too :
 Then, rising on the ruins of the rest,
 Plainly demonstrate your ideas best.
 Many are best ; one only can be right
 'Tho' all had inspiration to indite.

Some this unwelcome truth perhaps would tell,
 Where Clogher stumbled, Catcott fairly fell.
 Writers on Rolls of Science long renown'd
 In one fell page are tumbled to the ground.
 We see their systems unconfuted still ;
 But Catcott can confute them—if he will.
 Would you the honour of a Priest mistrust
 An excommunication proves him just.

Could Catcott from his better sense be drawn
 To bow the knee to Baal's sacred lawn ?
 A mitred Rascal to his long-ear'd flocks
 Gives ill example, to his wh—s, the p-x

Yet we must reverence sacerdotal black,
 And saddle all his faults on Nature's back,
 But hold, there's solid reason to revere;
 His Lordship has fix thousand pounds a year;
 In gaming solitude he spends the nights,
 He fasts at Arthur's and he prays at White's;
 Rolls o'er the pavement with his Swifts-tail'd fix,
 At White's the Athanasian Creed for Tricks,
 Whil'ft the poor Curate in his rusty gown
 Trudges unnotic'd thro' the dirty town.

If God made order, order never made
 These nice distinctions in the preaching trade,
 The servants of the Devil are rever'd,
 And Bishops pull the Fathers by the beard,
 Yet in these horrid forms Salvation lives,
 These are Religions representatives;
 Yet to these idols must we bow the knee—
 Excuse me, Broughton, when I bow to thee,
 But sure Religion can produce at least,
 One Minister of God—one honest Priest,

Search Nature o'er, procure me, if you can,
 The fancy'd character, an honest Man
 (A man of sense, not honest by constraint
 For fools are canvass, living but in paint)
 To Mammon, or to Superstition slaves,
 All orders of mankind are fools, or knaves:
 In the first attribute by none surpass,
 Taylor endeavours to obtain the last,

Imagination may be too confin'd;
 Few see too far; how many are half blind?
 How are your feeble arguments perplex
 To find out meaning in a senseless text?
 You rack each metaphor upon the wheel,
 And words can philosophic truths conceal.
 What Paracelsus humor'd as a jest,
 You realize to prove your system best,
 Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,
 Your zeal for Scripture hath devour'd your sense?
 Apply the glass of reason to your fight,
 See Nature marshal oozy atoms right.

Think for yourself, for all mankind are free;
 We need not Inspiration how to see.
 If Scripture contradictory you find,
 Be Orthodox, and own your senses blind.

How blinded are their optics, who aver,
 What Inspiration dictates cannot err.
 Whence is this boasted Inspiration sent,
 Which makes us utter truths, we never meant?
 Which couches systems in a single word,
 At once deprav'd, abstruse, sublime, absurd.

What Moses tells us might perhaps be true,
 As he was learn'd in all the Egyptians knew.

But to assert that Inspiration's giv'n,
 The Copy of Philosophy in Heav'n,
 Strikes at Religions root, and fairly fells
 The awful terrors of ten thousand Hells.
 Attentive search the Scriptures and you'll find
 What vulgar errors are with truths combin'd.

Your

Your tortur'd truths, which Moses seem'd to know;
 He could not unto Inspiration owe;
 For if from God one error you admit,
 How dubious is the rest of Holy Writ?

What knotty difficultys fancy solves?
 The Heav'ns irradiate, and the Earth revolves;
 But here Imagination is allow'd
 To clear this voucher from its mantling cloud:
 From the same word we different meanings quote,
 As David wears a many colour'd coat.

O Inspiration, ever hid in night,
 Reflecting various each adjacent light;
 If Moses caught thee in the parted flood;
 If David found thee in a sea of blood;
 If Mahomet with slaughter drench'd thy soil,
 On loaded asses bearing off thy spoil;
 If thou hast favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
 Say had not Broughton Inspiration too?
 Such rank absurdities debase his line,
 I almost could have sworn he copied thine.

Confute

Confute with candour, where you can confute,
 Reason and arrogance but poorly suit.
 Yourself may fall before some abler pen,
 Infallibility is not for men.
 With modest diffidence new schemes indite,
 Be not too positive, tho' in the right.
 What man of sense would value vulgar praise,
 Or rise on Penny's prose, or duller lays?
 Tho' pointed fingers mark the Man of Fame,
 And literary Grocers chaunt your name;
 Tho' in each Taylors book-case Catcott shines,
 With ornamental flow'rs and gilded lines;
 Tho' youthful Ladies who by instinct scan
 The Natural Philosophy of Man,
 Can ev'ry reason of your work repeat,
 As sands in Africa retain the heat:
 Yet check your flowing pride: Will all allow
 To wreath the labour'd laurel round your brow?
 Some may with seeming arguments dispense,
 Tickling your vanity to wound your sense:
 But Clayfield censures, and demonstrates too,
 Your theory is certainly untrue;

On

On Reason and Newtonian rules he proves,
 How distant your machine from either moves.
 But my objections may be reckon'd weak,
 As nothing but my mother tongue I speak;
 Else would I ask; by what immortal Pow'r
 All Nature was dissolv'd as in an hour.
 How, when the earth acquir'd a solid state,
 And rising mountains saw the waves abate,
 Each particle of matter sought its kind,
 All in a strata regular combin'd?
 When instantaneously the liquid heap
 Harden'd to rocks, the barriers of the deep,
 Why did not earth unite a stony mass;
 Since stony filaments thro' all must pass?
 If on the wings of air the planets run,
 Why are they not impell'd into the sun?
 Philosophy, nay common-sense, will prove
 All passives with their active agents move.
 If the diurnal motion of the air,
 Revolves the planets in their destin'd sphere;
 How are the secondary orbs impell'd?
 How are the moons from falling headlong held?

'Twas

'Twas the Eternal's fiat you reply;
 And who will give Eternity the lie?
 I own the awful truth, that God made all,
 And by his fiat worlds and systems fall.
 But study Nature; not an atom there
 Will unassisted by her powers appear;
 The fiat, without agents, is, at best,
 For priestcraft or for ignorance a vest.

Some fancy God is what we Nature call,
 Being itself material, all in all.
 The fragments of the Deity we own,
 Is vulgarly as various matter known.
 No agents could assist Creations birth:
 We trample on our God, for God is Earth.
 'Tis past the pow'r of language to confute
 This latitudinary attribute,

How lofty must Imagination soar,
 To reach absurdities unknown before?
 Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast
 brought
 From the Moons orb a novelty of thought.

Restrain,

Restrain, O Muse, thy unaccomplish'd lines,
 Fling not thy saucy satire at Divines;
 This single truth thy brother Bards must tell;
 Thou hast one excellence, of railing well.
 But disputations are befitting those
 Who settle Hebrew points, and scold in prose.

O Learning, where are all thy fancied joys
 Thy empty pleasures and thy solemn toys?
 Proud of thy own importance; tho' we see
 We've little reason to be proud of thee:
 Thou putrid foetus of a barren brain,
 Thou offspring illegitimate of Pain.

Tell me, sententious Mortals, tell me whence
 You claim the preference to men of sense?
 — wants learning; see the letter'd throng
 Banter his English in a Latin song.
 Oxonian Sages hesitate to speak
 Their native Language, but declaim in Greek.
 If in his jests a discord should appear,
 A dull lampoon is innocently clear.

Ye Classic Dunces, self-sufficient fools,
 Is this the boasted justice of your schools?
 ——— has parts; parts which would set aside
 The labour'd acquisitions of your pride;
 Uncultivated now his Genius lies,
 Instruction fees his latent beauties rise;
 His gold is bullion, yours debas'd with brass,
 Imprest with Folly's head to make it pass.

But ——— swears so loud, so indiscreet,
 His thunders rattle thro' the list'ning street:
 Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
 Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;
 Observe his virtues: Calumny must own
 A noble soul is in his actions shown;
 Tho' dark this bright original you paint,
 I'd rather be a ——— than a Saint.

Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,
 The Muse will go where Merit leads the way;
 The Owls of Learning may admire the night,
 But ——— shines with Reason's glowing light.

Still

Still Admonition presses to my pen,
 The infant Muse would give advice to Men,
 But what avails it, since the man I blame
 Owns no superior in the paths of fame?
 In springs, in mountains, strata's, mines, and rocks,
 Catcott is every notion Orthodox.
 If to think otherwise you claim pretence,
 *Renounce
 *You're a detested heretick in sense.
 But oh! how lofty your ideas roar,
 In shewing wond'ring Cits the fossile store!
 The Ladies are quite ravish'd, as he tells
 The short adventures of the pretty shells;
 Miss Biddy sickens to indulge her touch,
 Madam more prudent thinks 'twould seem too
 much;
 The doors fly open, instantly he draws
 The sparry lood, and wonders of applause;
 The full dress'd Lady sees with envying eye
 The sparkle of her di'mond pendants die;

Sage

* Which is the true reading is uncertain, both being in
 his own hand-writing, and uncanceled.

Sage Natural Philosophers adore
 The fossil whimsys of the numerous store.
 But see ! the purple stream begins to play,
 To shew how fountains climb the hilly way.
 Hark what a murmur echoes thro' the throng.
 Gods ! that the pretty trifle should be wrong !
 Experience in the voice of Reason tells
 Above its surface water never swells.

Where is the priestly soul of Catcott now ?
 See what a triumph fits upon his brow :
 And can the poor applause of things like these,
 Whose souls and sentiments are all disease,
 Raise little triumphs in a man like you,
 Catcott, the foremost of the Judging few ?
 So at Llewellyns your great Brother fits,
 The laughter of his tributary wits ;
 Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,
 Empties his pint and sputters his decrees.

DEC. 20TH, 1769.

MR. CATCOTT will be pleased to observe that I admire many things in his learned Remarks. This Poem is an innocent effort of poetical Vengeance, as Mr. Catcott has done me the honour to criticise my Trifles. I have taken great poetical liberties and what I dislike in Verse possibly deserves my approbation in the plain Prose of Truth—The many Admirers of Mr. Catcott may on perusal of this rank me as an Enemy: But I am indifferent in all things, I value neither the praise or censure of the Multitude.

D .

SENTI-

SENTIMENT. 1769.

SINCE we can die but once, what matters it,
 If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,
 Slow-wasting sickness or the sudden burst
 Of valve arterial in the noble parts,
 Curtail the miseries of human life?
 Tho' varied is the Cause, the Effect's the same;
 All to one common Diffolution tends,

THE

D E F E N C E.

DEC. 25TH, 1769.

NO more, dear Smith, the hackney'd Tale
renew;

I own their censure, I approve it too,

For how can Ideots destitute of thought,

Conceive, or estimate, but as they're taught?

Say, can the satirizing Pen of Shears,

Exalt his name, or mutilate his ears?

None, but a Lawrence, can adore his Lays,

Who in a quart of Claret drinks his praise.

T—l—r repeats, what Catcott told before,

But lying T—l—r is believ'd no more.

If in myself I think my notions just,
The Church and all her arguments are dust.

Religion's but Opinion's bastard Son,
A perfect mystery, more than three in one.
'Tis fancy all, distempers of the mind;
As Education taught us, we're inclin'd.
Happy the man, whose reason bids him see,
Mankind are by the state of Nature free;
Who, thinking for himself, despises those,
That would upon his better sense impose;
Is to himself the Minister of God,
Nor dreads the path, where Athanasius trod.
Happy (if Mortals can be) is the Man,
Who, not by Priest, but Reason rules his span;
Reason, to its Possessor a sure guide,
Reason, a thorn in Revelations side.
If Reason fails, incapable to tread
Thro' gloomy Revelations thick'ning bed,
On what authority the Church we own?
How shall we worship Deities unknown?

Can

Can the Eternal Justice pleas'd receive
The prayers of those, who, ignorant believe?

Search the thick multitudes of ev'ry Sect,
The Church supreme, with Whitfield's new Elect;
No individual can their God define,
No, not great Penny in his nervous Line:
But why must Chatterton selected fit,
The butt of ev'ry Critic's little wit?
Am I alone for ever in a crime;
Nonsense in Prose, or blasphemy in Rhyme?
All monosyllables a line appears?
Is it not very often so in Shears?
See gen'rous Eccas, length'ning out my praise
Inraptur'd with the music of my Lays;
In all the arts of panegyric grac'd,
The cream of modern Literary Taste.

Why, to be sure, the metaphoric line
Has something sentimental, tender, fine;
But then how hobbling are the other two;
There are some beauties, but they're very few.

Besides the Author, 'faith 'tis something odd,

Commends a reverential awe of God.

Read but another fancy of his brain ;

He's Atheistical in every strain.

Fallacious is the charge : 'Tis all a lie,

As to my reason I can testify.

I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,

Who bid our glories of Creation rise ;

Who form'd his varied likeness in mankind,

Centring his many wonders in the mind ;

Who saw Religion, a fantastic night

But gave us Reason to obtain the light.

Indulgent Whitfield scruples not to say,

He only can direct to Heavens high-way.

While Bishops, with as much vehemence tell,

* Sects heterodox are food for Hell.

All sorts

Why then, dear Smith, since Doctors disagree,

Their notions are not oracles to me :

What I think right, I ever will pursue

And leave you liberty to do so too.

SONG

* Both in the Author's hand-writing, and uncanceled.

S O N G

T O

MR. G. CATCOTT. 1769.

1.

AH blame me not, Catcott, if from the right
way

My notions and actions run far.

How can my ideas do other but stray,

Depriv'd of the ruling North Star?

2.

Ah blame me not, Broderip, if mounted aloft,

I chatter and spoil the dull air;

How can I imagine thy foppery soft,

When discord's the voice of my fair?

D 4

If

3.

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,
 If Harding was girlish and cold,
 If never an ogle was met from Miss Grimes,
 If Flavia was blasted and old ;

4.

I chose without liking, and left without pain,
 Nor welcom'd the frown with a sigh ;
 I scorn'd, like a monkey, to dangle my chain,
 And paint them new charms with a lie.

5.

Once Cotton was handsome ; I flam'd, and I burn'd,
 'I died to obtain the bright Queen ;
 But when I beheld my Epistle return'd,
 By Jesu it alter'd the scene.

She's

6.

She's damnable ugly, my Vanity cried,
 You lie, says my Conscience, you lie;
 Resolving to follow the dictates of Pride,
 I'd view her a hag to my eye.

7.

But should she regain her bright lustre again,
 And shine in her natural charms,
 'Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,
 And permit me to use my own arms.

IN

O'Ro'e upon his courser fleet,
 Who swift as lightning were his feet,
 First gain'd the lists and gatte him fame;
 From West Hybernee Isle he came,
 His myghte depictur'd in his * name.
 All dreded such an one to meet;
 Bold as a mountain wolf he stood,
 Upon his swerde sat grim dethe and bloude.

But when he threwe down his Asenglave,
 Next came in *Sir Botelier* bold and brave,
 The dethe of manie a Saraceen;
 Theie thought him a Devil from Hells black pen,
 Ne thinking that anie of mortalle menne
 Could send so manie to the grave.
 For his life to *John Rumsee* he render'd his thanks
 Descended from *Godred* the King of the Manks.

Within

* Probably alluding to the word Rock.

Within his sure rest he settled his speare,
 And ran at O'Rocke in full career;
 Their launces with the furious stroke
 Into a thousand shivers broke,
 Even as the thunder tears the oak,
 And scatters splinters here and there;
 So great the shock, their senses did depart,
 The bloude all ran to strengthen up the harte.

Syr Botelier Rumfie first came from his traunce,
 And from the Marshall toke the launce;
 O'Rocke eke chose another speere,
 And ran at *Syr Botelier* full career;
 His prancyng stede the ground did tare;
 In haste he made a false advance;
Syr Botelier seeing, with myghte amain
 Fellde him down upon the playne.

Syr Pigotte Novlin at the Clarions found,
 On a milk-white stede with gold trappings around,
 He couchde in his rest, his silver-poynt speere,
 And ferlie ranne up in full career;
 But for his appearance he payed full deare,
 In the first course laid on the ground;
 Besmeer'd in the dust with his silver and gold,
 No longer a glorious sight to behold,

Syr Botelier then having conquer'd his twayne,
 Rode Conqueror off the tourneying playne;
 Receivying a garland from *Alice's* hand,
 The fayrest Ladye in the lande.
Syr Pigotte this viewed, and furious did stand,
 Tormented in mind and bodily payne,
Syr Botelier crown'd, most galantlie stode,
 As some tall oak within the thick wode.

Awhile

Awhile the shrill Clarions founded the word;
 Next rode in *Syr John, of Adderlegh* Lord,
 Who over his back his thick shield did bryng,
 In checkee of redde and silver sheeninge,
 With steede and gold trappings befeeming a King,
 A guilded fine Adder twyned round his swerde.
De Bretville advanced a man of great myghte
 And couched his launce in his rest for the fyghte.

Ferse as the falling waters of the lough,
 That tumble headlonge from the mountains browe,
 Ev'n so they met in drierie sound,
De Bretville fell upon the ground,
 The bloude from inward bruised wound,
 Did out his stained helmet flowe;
 As some tall bark upon the foamie main,
 So laie *De Bretville* on the plain.

Syr John of the Dale or *Compton* hight,
 Advanced next in lists of fyght,
 He knew the tricks of tourneying full well,
 In running race ne manne culd him excell,
 Or how to wielde a sworde better tel.
 And eke he was a manne of might;
 On a black Stede with silver trappynge dyght
 He darde the dangers of the tourneyd fighte.

Within their rests their speeres they set,
 So furiously ech other met.
 That *Comptons* well intended speere
Syr John his shield in pieces tare,
 And wound his hand in furious geir;
Syr Johns stele Affenglave was wette:
Syr John then toe the marshal turned
 His breast with meekle furie burn'd,

The tenders of the feelde came in,
 And bade the Champyons not begyn;
 Eche tourney but one hour should last,
 And then one hour was gone and past.

END OF THE FYRST CANTO.

IMITATION OF OUR OLD POETS.

ON OURE LADYES CHIRCH. 1769.

IN auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King
 Of all the borders of the sea did reigne,
 Whos cutting CELES,* as the Bardyes synge,
 Cut strakyng furrowes in the foamie mayne,
 Sancte Warbur cast aside his Earles estate,
 As great as good, and eke as good as great.
 Tho blest with what us men accounts as store,
 Saw something further, and saw something more.

Where

* CELES, most probably from the antient word *Ceolis*;
 which, in the Saxon, is *ships*. From whence *Ceolæ*, we
 find in Brompton, are used for large ships.

Where smokyng Waker scours the clarey bank;
 And gilded fishes wanton in the funne,
 Emyttyng to the feelds a dewie dank;
 As in the twyning path-waye he doth runne;
 Here stoode a house, that in the ryver smyle
 Since valorous Urfa first wonne Bryttayn Isle;
 The stones in one as firm as rock unite,
 And it defyde the greatest Warriours myghte;
 Around about the lofty elemens hie
 Proud as their Planter reerde their greenie crest;
 Bent out their heads, when e'er the wynds came
 bie.

In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudes kest
 Attendyng Squires dreste in trickynge brighte,
 To each tenth Squier an attendyng Knyghte,
 The hallie hung with pendaunts to the flore,
 A coat of nobil armes upon the doore;
 Horses and dogges to hunt the fallowe decre,
 Of pastures many, wide extent of wode,
 Faulkonnes in Mewes, and little birds to teir,
 The Sparrow Hawke, and many Hawkies gode.

Just in the prime of life, whan others court
 Some swottie Nymph, to gain their tender hand,
 Greet with the Kynge and *trerdie* greet with the
 Court

And as aforsed mickle much of land.

HECCAR AND GAIRA

AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

WHERE the rough Caigra rolls the surgy

wave,

Urging his thunders thro the ^{echoing} *distant cave; 1.

Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,

Drive the white currents thro' the spreading green;

Where the loud Tyger, pawing in his rage,

Bids the black Archers of the wilds engage;

Stretch'd

* *Echoing* and *distant*, copied from the Boy's own hand;
both uncanceled.

Stretch'd on the sand, two panting Warriors lay,
 In all the burning torments of the day ;
 Their bloody jav'lines reek'd on living steem
 Their bows were broken at the roaring stream :
 Heccar the Chief of Jarra's fruitful Hill,
 Where the dark vapours nightly dews distill,
 Saw Gaira the companion of his soul,
 Extended where loud Chigra's billows roll ;
 Gaira, the King of warring Archers found,
 Where daily lightnings plow the sandy ground,
 Where brooding tempests howl along the sky,
 Where rising desarts whirl'd in circles fly.

H E C C A R.

Gaira, his chiefs to attempt the chase,
 Swifter than hunted Wolves they urge the race ;
 Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,
 Upon the plumage of Macaws they fly.
 Let us return, and strip the reeking slain
 Leaving the bodies on the burning plain,

GAIRA.

The scatter'd bones mantled in silver white,
 Once animated, dared the force* in fight.
 The Children of the Wave, whose palid race
 Views the faint sun, display a languid face,
 From the red fury of thy justice fled,
 Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed,
 Fear with a sickn'd silver ting'd their hue:
 The guilty fear, when vengeance is their due,

G A I R A.

Rouse not Remembrance from her shad'wy cell,
 Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.
 Cawna, O Cawna! deck'd in fable charms,
 What distant region holds thee from my arms?
 Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,
 Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,
 Majestic as the many colour'd Snake,
 Trailing his glories thro' the blossom'd brake;
 Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,
 Foaming thro' sandy wastes to Jaghirs shores;

Swift

* Query, whether not intended for foes?

Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,
Was Cawna the companion of my rest.

The sun far low'ring in the Western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclind,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind:
Swift from the wood a prowling Tiger came;
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierc'd his rough armour, but escap'd his heart:
He fled, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,
I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;
He fell, he dy'd—spent in the fiery toil,
I stript his carcase of the furry spoil
And as the varied spangles met my eye,
On this, I cried, shall my lov'd Cawna lie.
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey;
Impell'd by Love, I wing'd the airy way;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain.

The

The pallid shadows of the azure waves
 Had made my Cawna and my children slaves.
 Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,
 The Gods had giv'n me to the Daemon's power.
 The dusk slow vanish'd from the hated lawn,
 I gain'd a mountain gl'ring with the dawn.
 There the full sails, expanded to the wind,
 Struck horror and distraction in my mind.
 There Cawna mingled with a worthless train,
 In common slavery drags the hated chain.
 Now judge my Heccar, have I cause for rage?
 Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage?
 In ever-reeking blood this jar I'mody'd
 With vengeance shall be never satisfied.
 I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead,
 And tinge the lily of their features red.

H E C C A R.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
 Roughly salute my ear, enrag'd I'll fly;

Send

Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart
 Chill the hot virals with the venom'd dart;
 Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,
 Gaira and Vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

CHATTERTON'S WILL. 1770.

ALL this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock
Saturday in the utmost distress of mind. April 14,
1770.

N. B. In a dispute concerning the character of
David, Mr. ——— argued that he must be a
holy man, from the strains of piety that breathe
through his whole works—I being of a contrary
opinion, and knowing that a great genius can
effect any thing, endeavouring in the *foregoing**
Poems to represent an enthusiastic Methodist in-
tended to send it to Romaine, and impose it upon
the infatuated world as a reality; but thanks
to Burgum's generosity, I am now employed in
matters of more importance.

Saturday April 20, 1770.

BURGUM

*T. A. What Poems Chatterton meant here is uncertain.

BURGUM I thank thee, thou hast let me see,
 That Bristol has impress'd her stamp on thee,
 Thy generous spirit emulates the May'rs,
 Thy generous spirit with thy Bristols pairs.
 Gods ! what would Burgum give, to get a name
 And snatch his blundering dialect from shame ?
 What would he give, to hand his memory down
 To times remotest boundary ?— A Crown.
 Would you ask more, his swelling face looks
 blue ;

Futurity he rates at two pound two.
 Well Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow ;
 With a rich saddle decorate a sow,
 Strut in Iambics, totter in an Ode,
 Promise, and never pay, and be the mode.

Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
 But ah ! thy merit's seldom understood ;
 Too bigotted to whimsies, which thy youth
 Receiv'd to venerate as Gospel truth,
 Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
 Since all I am is opposite to thee.

If

If ever obligated to thy purse
 Rowley discharges all; my first chief curse
 For had I never known the antique lore
 I ne'er had ventured from my peaceful shore;
 To be the wreck of promises and hopes
 A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;
 But happy in my humble sphere had mov'd
 Untroubled, unsuspected, unbelov'd.

To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,
 For all the little knowledge I had here.
 But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed?
 When scarcely twenty in the town can read.
 Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
 The wild expences of a Poets brain;
 Disinterested Burgum never meant
 To take my knowledge for his gain per-centa
 When wildly squandering every thing I got,
 On Books, and Learning, and the Lord knows
 what:

Could Burgum then, my Critic, Patron, Friend
 Without security attempt to lend?

No,

No, that would be imprudent in the man ;
 Accuse him of imprudence, if you can.
 He promis'd, I confess, and seem'd sincere ;—
 Few keep an honorary promise here.
 I thank thee, Barrett, thy advice was right,
 But 'twas ordain'd by Fate that I should write.
 Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,
 I wrote my mind, nor hid the Authors face.
 Harris ere long, when reeking from the Press
 My numbers make his self-importance less,
 Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the day
 And drag my body to the triple way—
 Poor superstitious Mortals ! wreak your hate
 Upon my cold remains —

THIS is the last Will and Testament of me Thomas Chatterton of the City of Bristol; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last Surgeon; the soundness of my mind, the Coroner and Jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice, that the most perfect Masters of Human Nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which savour'd of insanity.

Item. If after my death which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the Coroner and Jury bring it in Lunacy, I will and direct, that Paul Farr, Esq; and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expence, cause my body to be interred in the Tomb of my Fathers, and raise the Monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding 6 Tablets.

On the *first* to be engraved in Old English
Characters

Vous qui par ici pafez

* Pur l'ame Guateroine Chatterton priez

Le cors di oi ici gift

L'ame receyve Thu Crift. MCCX,

On the *second* Tablet in Old English Cha-
racters

Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et
Alicia * Uxeris ejus, qui quidem Alanus obiit x
die mensis Novemb. M,CCCCXV, quorum ani-
mabus propinetur Deus Amen.

F

On

* Whatever obsolete spelling or mistakes may be observed
here, either in the French or the Latin, the Reader is desired
to consider as the Author's, not the Editor's.

On the *third* Tablet in Roman Characters

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

Subchaunter of the Cathedral of this City, whose
Ancestors were Residents of St. Mary Redcliffe
since the year 1140. He died the 7th of
August 1752.

On the *fourth* Tablet in Roman Characters.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON;

Reader judge not; if thou art a Christian—
believe that he shall be judged by a Superior
Power—to that Power alone is he now answerable.

On the *fifth* and *sixth* Tablets which shall
front each other

Atchievements viz. On the one, vest, a fess;
or, crest, a mantle of estate, gules, supported
by

by a spear, fable, headed, or, on the other, or, a fess vest, crest, a cross of Knights Templars.— And I will and direct that if the Coroners Inquest bring it in felo-de-se, the said monument shall be notwithstanding erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of my Will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument according to the aforesaid directions. And if they the said Paul Farr and John Flower should build the said monument; I will and direct that the 2d Edition of my Kew Gardens, shall be dedicated to them in the following Dedication.—To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs this Book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost.

Item. I give all my vigour and fire of youth to Mr. G—— C——, being sensible he is most in want of it.

Item. From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Reverend Mr. C——n senior all my humility. To Mr. B——m all my Profody and Grammar, likewise one moiety of my modesty, the other moiety to any young Lady who can prove without blushing that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods, unknown on her quāy since the days of Canning and Rowley! 'Tis true a charitable Gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it, but it being proved that he was a Papist, the Worshipful Society of Aldermen endeavour to throttle him with the Oath of Allegiance. I leave also my Religion to Dr. C——B——, D— of B——, hereby empowering the *Sub-Spirit* to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in Church—My powers of utterance I give to the Reverend Mr. B——n, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose than reading Lectures on the Immortality of the Soul: I leave the Reverend Mr. C—— some little of

my free thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason and see how vilely he is duped in believing the Scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother G—— would know how far I am their real Enemy, but, I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of Satire is upon me I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give, and I will and direct that whatever any person may think the pleasure of reading my Works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me and to him as my Executor in this case. I leave my Moderation to the Politicians on both sides the question. I leave my Generosity to our present Right Worshipful Mayor, T—— H——, Esq. I give my Abstinence to the Company at the Sheriffs Annual Feast in general, more particularly the Aldermen.

Item. I give and bequeath to Mr. M——
 M—— a mourning Ring with this Motto, "Alas!
 " poor Chatterton!" provided he pays for it
 himself.—Item. I leave the young Ladies all the
 Letters they have had from me, assuring them that
 they need be under no apprehensions from the
 appearance of my Ghost, for I die for none of
 them.—Item. I leave all my debts the whole
 not Five Pounds to the payment of the cha-
 ritable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on
 penalty if refused, to hinder every Member from
 a good dinner by appearing in the form of a
 Bailiff. If in defiance of this terrible spectre,
 they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge
 my debts, let my two Creditors apply to the
 Supporters of the Bill of Rights.—Item. I leave
 my Mother and Sister to the protection of my
 Friends if I have any. Executed in the presence
 of Omniscience this 14th of April 1770.

THO^s. CHATTERTON.

CODICIL.

C O D I C I L

It is my pleasure that Mr. Cocking and Mrs.
Farley Print this my Will the first Saturday after
my death.

T. C.

M E T H O D I S T.

MAY 1770.

SAYS Tom to Jack, 'tis very odd,
 These Representatives of God,
 In Color, way of life and evil;
 Should be so very like the Devil.
 Jack, understand, was one of those,
 Who mould Religion in the Nose,
 A red hot Methodist; his face
 Was full of Puritanic Grace,
 His loose lank hair, his slow gradation,
 Declar'd a late Regeneration;
 Among the daughters long renown'd,
 For standing upon holy ground;
 Never in carnal battle beat,
 Tho' sometimes forc'd to a retreat.

S H T

But

But C——t, Hero as he is,
 Knight of incomparable phiz,
 When pliant Doxy seems to yield,
 Courageously forakes the field. I
 Jack, or to write more gravely, John
 Thro' Hills of Wesley's Works had gone ;
 Could sing one hundred Hymns by rote ;
 Hymns which will sanctify the throte :
 But some indeed compos'd so odly,
 You'd swear 'twas bawdy Songs made Godly.

COLIN INSTRUCTED

YOUNG Colin was as stout a boy

As ever gave a Maiden joy ;

But long in vain he told his tale

To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

Ah why the whining Shepherd cried,

Am I alone your smiles denied,

I only tell in vain my tale

To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

True Colin, said the laughing Dame,

You only whimper out your flame,

Others do more than sigh their tale

To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

He took the hint &c.

A BUR-

AIR

BURLESQUE CANTATA. 1770.

RECIT.

MOUNTED aloft in Bristols narrow Streets,
Where Pride and Luxury with meanness meets,
A sturdy Collier prest the empty sack,
A troop of, thousands swarming on his back ;
When sudden to his rapt extatic view
Rose the brown beauties of his red-hair'd Sue.
Music spontaneously echoed from his tongue,
And thus the Lover rather bawl'd, than sung.

AIR.

A I R.

Zaunds ! Prithee pretty Zue is it thee,

Odzookers I mun have a kifs.

A Sweetheart should always be free,

I whope you wunt take it amiss.

Thy peepers are blacker than a caul,

Thy carcase is found as a sack,

Thy visage is whiter than ball,

Odzookers I mun have sack.

R E C I T.

The swain descending, in his raptur'd arms

Held fast the Goddess, and despoil'd her charms.

Whilst lock'd in Cupid's amorous embrace,

His jetty skinnis met her red bronz'd face ;

It seem'd the sun when labouring in eclipse.

And on her nose he stamp'd his sable lips,

Pleas'd _____.

A I R.

SONG.

S O N G.

FANNY OF THE HILL.* 1770.

IF gentle Love's immortal fire
Could animate the quill,
Soon should the rapture-speaking Lyre

Sing Fanny of the Hill.

Betsy

My panting heart incessant moves,

No interval 'tis still;

And all my ravish'd nature loves

Sweet Fanny of the Hill.

Betsy

Her dying soft expressive eye,

Her elegance must kill,

Ye Gods! how many thousands die

For Fanny of the Hill.

Betsy

A love.

* Miss F. E——, on Radclif-Hill, Bristol.

A love-taught tongue angelic air

A sentiment, a skill

In all the graces of the Fair,

Mark Fanny of the Hill.

Betsy

Thou mighty Power, eternal Fate,

My happiness to fill,

O! bless a wretched Lover's state,

With Fanny of the Hill.

Betsy

The name of *Fanny*, which was first written, was afterwards cancelled, and that of *Betsy* substituted in its stead, but for what reason was best known to the Author.

BURLETTA.

THE

WOMAN OF SPIRIT.

1770.

Disfort Mr. Bannister

Councillor Latitat . . Mr. Reinhold

Endorse Master Cheney

Lady Tempest Mr. Thompson

BURLETT

WOMAN OF SPIRIT.



Lighter Mr. Fennell
Correspondent Mr. Reinhold
Lindor Master Cheney
Lady Thompson Mr. Thompson

THE

WOMAN OF SPIRIT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LADY TEMPEST AND LATITAT.

LATITAT.

I tell you Lady Tempest—

LADY TEMPEST.

And I tell you Mr. Latitat it shall not be.—
I'll have no Society of Antiquaries meet here :
None but the honourable Members of the Cote-
rie shall assemble here—you shall know.

G

LA-

LATITAT.

Suspend your rage, Lady Tempest, and let me open my brief—have you not this day, moved by the instigation of the Devil, and not having the fear of God before your eyes, wilfully and wittingly, and maliciously driven all my friends out of my house. Was it done like a Woman of Quality?

LADY TEMPEST.

It was done like a Woman of Spirit: A character, it shall ever be my task to maintain,

A T R.

Away with your maxims, and dull formal rules
The shackles of pleasure, and trammels of fools;
For Wisdom and Prudence I care not a straw
I'll act, as I please, for my Will is my Law.

LA-

LATITAT.

But upon my soul Madam I have one more consideration which should especially move you to bridle your passion: for it spoils your face. When you knocked down Lord Rust with the Bust of Marcus Aurelius, you looked the very picture of the Alecto last taken out of the Herculeum.

A I R.

Passion worse than age will plow
Furrows on the frowning brow:
Rage and passion will disgrace
Every beauty of the face:
Whil't good nature will supply
Beauties, which can never die.

LADY TEMPEST.

Mr. Latitat I wont be abused—Did I for this condescend to forget my quality and marry

such a Tautology of Nothing—I will not be abused.

S C E N E.

DISTORT, LATITAT, LADY TEMPEST.

DISTORT.

Pray Madam what has enraged you? May I have the honour of knowing.

LATITAT.

Mr. Distort shall be our Referee.

LADY TEMPEST.

That is, if I please Sir.

LA-

Pray my Lady let me state the case, and you may afterwards make a reply—you must know Sir.—

LADY TEMPEST.

Yes, Sir, you must know, this morning, Mr. Latitat had invited all his antiquated friends Lord Ruft, Horatio Trefoil, Col. Tragedus, Profeflor Vase and Countefeit the Jew to fit upon a brafs half-penny, which being a little worn, they have agreed, Nem. Con. to be an Otho.

LATITAT.

And it is further necessary to be known, that, while we were all warm in debate upon the premises, my Lady made a forcible entry into the parlour, and seizing an antique Bust of Marcus Aurelius, of malice propense, and afore thought, did

did with three blows of the said Buft, knock
down Anthony Viscount Buft, and—

LADY TEMPEST.

And drove them all out of the house.

LATITAT.

And furthermore—

LADY TEMPEST.

Silence Mr. Latitat, I insist on the priviledge
of an English Wife.

LATITAT.

And moreover—

DISTORT.

Nay Councillor, as I am your Referee, I com-

mand

mand silence : Pray what do you lay your damages at ?

LATITAT.

My Lady has in her cabinet a Jupiter Tonans, which in spite of all my endeavours to open her eyes, she persists in calling an Indian Pagod, and upon condition of my receiving that, I drop the prosecution.

DISTORT (*aside to Lady.*)

'Tis a trifle Madam let him have it, it may turn to account.

LADY TEMPEST.

A very toy : He shall have it instantly on condition I have the use of my tongue.

AIR.

meaned glance: Pray what do you say your de-

A I R.

What are all your favourite joys*

What are our pleasures.

My Lady has in her cabinet a Jupiter Tonans,
which in spite of all my endeavours to open her
eyes, she persists in calling an Indian Paged, and
upon condition of my receiving that, I drop the

* So it stands in the Original, erased.

protection.

(Disorder (supra to Lady.)

'Tis a trifle Madam, let him have it, it may

turn to account. S I N I F

LADY THOMPSON.

A very toy: He shall have it instantly on con-

dition I have the use of my tongue.

A I R.